

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

EVENING POST.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1801.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1899.



Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF
FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857,
by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Distric
Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

THE VAULTS OF THE HOSTELRY.

When Pierre Bart, after his last interview with the guests whom he had concealed beneath the hostelry, left the subterranean chambers to set forth on his errand with Angela to the mill—luckless errand, indeed, as it resulted to himself—the Frenchman and his daughter remained during many hours without exchanging words. Whether the old man, absorbed in suspicions of his host, chose only to annoy himself by reflections upon his present innumeration, or whether, at length, he had become weary of tormenting his unhappy daughter, the latter might not know; nevertheless, she was grateful for respite from her sire's reproaches, and, while he sat sullenly at his table, poring over several scraps of dingy parchment which he had spread before him, and which seemed like rough sketches or maps of roads and fortified places, she permitted his thoughts to dwell unmolested upon the recollection of those bright though fleeting moments, during which she had clasped the child Angela to her bosom.

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"In the closet, my lord!" answered the page, returning to the place indicated, he took thence a waxed taper, and ignited it at the iron lamp. Then, in obedience to his master's mandate, he proceeded to the passage at the rear of the apartment which they occupied, passing, as he did so, several smaller chambers, or arched recesses, with open doors, in which were rudely constructed couches, denoting them to have been used as dormitories. At the end of the passage he reached a flight of stone steps that he remembered to have descended in following the inn-keeper to their retreat. Arrived at this point, he could plainly distinguish the sound of men's voices in the hostelry, and became satisfied by this that the crash which had startled his master was, without doubt, only the falling of some heavy pieces of armor in one of the rooms above. The taper which he held cast light sufficient to enable him to perceive, also, that the stone steps, ascending abruptly, must terminate just beneath the sliding floor of the panelled closet. He mounted these, until his forehead struck the wood-work, and, listening a moment, caught the noise of heavy feet, the occasional ring of armor, and the voices of men conversing in the French tongue, but not loud enough to permit his comprehension of what they uttered. Convinced, however, that no cause for apprehension existed in the previous crash, which had alarmed those beneath, he proceeded to retrace his course, and, extending his hand to the wall in steadyng his footsteps, felt that it touched an iron knob, which suddenly glittered in the taper's light. Light as was the pressure that his hand imparted, it was yet sufficiently powerful to move the spring, for such it was, and the next instant the flat panel over his head was noiselessly dislodged, disclosing the aperture through which he had followed Pierre Bart in the morning. Well was it for Alphonse, at this moment, that the well-habited grooves of the trap gave out no grating sound, and quite as fortunate that the closet-door above was firmly closed; else surely the armed men whose voices he could now plainly hear, (since but an oaken panel separated them from the stone steps,) had assuredly been informed, and cut short his further explorations. In the case now stood, indeed, it may be fancied

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use his researches, and that, in fact, the open path which he had innocently disclosed became at once a subject of great anxiety to his mind, likely as it was to be discovered by the Burgundians, who could one of their number chance but to open the closed door. Stooping cautiously, therefore, he at once extinguished his taper, lest, by any accident, its light might betray him, and then, keeping his fingers still carefully upon the iron knob, reflected a moment upon his situation.

It was evident that the machinery which shifted the paneling was of nice adjustment; as in the movement it had just made not the slightest noise had been audible; nevertheless,—Alphonse paused, and hesitated, ere he again ventured to compress the metallic knob, lest, in the return revolution, some harsh jar should startle those who occupied the "best room," and thus jeopardize the lives of all below the hostelry. More than once the thought of such an effect tempted the page to leave the steps at once, without an effort to replace the flooring, but the fear that some visit to the closet might momentarily take place, revealing the gulf beneath its displaced floor, at length decided him to press the spring forcibly, and then cover noiselessly to the lower steps. No movement of the machinery followed this second touch. The panels did not back, and Alphonse, when he again glanced upward, could discern jets of light streaming from the hostelry-room through cracks in the oaken door precisely as before. The page then knew, from his failure, what he might before suspect, that there must be yet another spring controlling the return motion of the ladder.

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All the Contents of THE POST are set up
Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not
a mere Reprint of the Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$2 a year
in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a
single number.THE POST is believed to have a larger country sub-
scription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union
without exception.THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for
every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentle-
men of the family may all find in its ample pages some-
thing adapted to their peculiar fancies.THE POST is generally to be obtained
at the office of the Lancaster New-
spaper. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the
Paper, those wishing blank numbers had better apply as
early as possible, our rule being "First come, first
served."REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot
undertake to return rejected communications. If the
article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a
clean copy of.ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable
medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation.
Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other
matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see
head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "The Sister"; "To My
Chapman"; "The Pathos of a Sigh"; "The Forest
Glen"; "Cheer Up"; "An Adventure in the Rocky
Mountains."THE POST MORE OF A NEWS PAPER
AGAIN.—During the late prosperous season,
when so many of our readers, as we inferred,
were in the habit of taking, in addition to
THE POST, some journal more particularly devoted
to News, we increased the proportion of
our literary matter.Now, as the time has changed, in order to
suit that large class of readers who will wish for
economy's sake, to confine themselves to one
paper, we contemplate increasing again the pro-
portion of news given weekly—devoting the in-
side pages more exclusively to all the interest-
ing news of the day, than for some time past.
THE POST will thus combine in itself the ad-
vantages of a Literary and a News Paper, at as
low a price as it is possible to furnish any pa-
per, printed in a good, eye-preserving type.SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent
banks will be taken in payment of sub-
scriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we
prefer gold or silver.Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting
anything under a five dollar note to remit, should
bear in mind that we send the paper three years
for five dollars. All should also remember that
in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an
old and firmly established paper like THE POST,
which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely
affects, than to papers of a more transient and
less reliable character.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

The Public Ledger alludes to the partial suc-
cess of a gentleman of this city in transplanting
large trees. It says:The trees were about thirty years old, and
about 45 feet in height. Some were evergreens,
and some deciduous. The average bals of earth
frozen around the roots may be set down as ten
feet in diameter, three feet deep, and five tons
weight. They were cut out of the solidly frozen
ground in mid-winter; then hauled three
miles, some on sleds, and others on wagons, as
the roads permitted, from five to nine horses
being required for one tree. The holes for their
reception were also cut out of the solidly
frozen ground. There were three Norway spruces,
one Bals of Gilseed, one hemlock, and two European
larches. The operator was inexperienced, and his mode of transplanting clumsy.
All the trees were first delivered before
any of them was set in its new place, and
covered in with earth. This was an error, and
caused a deal of mischief was done to the fine
roots by the frost. The trees made equal show
of success in the months of April and May. In
June and July the larches and Norway spruces
began to drop their needles, and the others did
so in the rest, after some show of torpor in July.
Back to a vigorous growth in August, and after-
wards seemed to forget that they were ever dis-
turbed from the place of original growth; and
now, in December, there is a particularly
fresh, green and healthful appearance in the
foliage of the evergreens. It may be observed
that the summer has been unusually wet. These
trees thus transplanted cost (trees, moving and
inuring,) from \$75 to \$100 each. But this price
is double a fair charge. The loss of the de-
cious trees is a loss; the trees are not upright;
but this is due to the want of skill and judg-
ment in the operator, and it can be corrected by
undermining on one side and drawing the tree
over. The experiment justifies the hope that
fruit trees can be moved, which will in the
second year yield the same crop as before moving.Conversing with a very intelligent landscape
gardener, the other day, he rather ridiculed the
costly manner of moving trees recommended
above. He said that it is a wealthy gentleman de-
sired to spend seventy or eighty dollars in re-
moving a single tree, of course he could be ac-
commodated, but that it was a great waste of
money. He had moved large trees in that way,
but knew it was not even the best way—to say
nothing of its expense.His plan is briefly this. In moving trees, the
main thing to be considered is the moving un-
injured a large proportion of the roots. The earth
where the trees are to be taken can be
made just as suitable for them, and often more
suitable—and so far as the trees have any pre-
ference upon the subject, it will be in favor of
the new and therefore unexhausted ground.Now, in moving according to the frozen earth
plan, as described above, the ground cannot well
be taken more than about ten feet in diameter—
necessitating the destruction of all the roots out-
side of that circle. Thus the roots left will none
of them be longer than about five feet—which
may involve (as it probably did in four of the
ten cases mentioned above) the death of the
tree.But suppose a favorable time of year be
chosen, when the earth is soft, and the work-
men begin about twenty feet (instead of five)
from the foot of the tree, and carefully loosen
the earth, working in towards the trunk. In this
mode they may unearth some twenty feet of
each of the principal roots, and the whole of the
shorter ones. Now a tree transplanted into pro-perly prepared ground in this manner, has—our
authority contends—a much better chance of
life, while the saving in expense is very great.People who cannot afford to pay from \$75 to
\$100 for transplanting a single tree, would do
well to give the plan we mention a trial.

THE MORMON DELUSION.

The following is an extract from a letter
written by a Mormon woman at Salt Lake City,
and published in the Westchester Republican.
It is dated the 30th of June, and gives an idea
of the kind of preaching the Apostles among
the Saints were indulging in at the time:"We expect to be able to feed and save a
many yet, who now desire to hang us. As
it is written, 'all manner of evil will not take up
so much time to fight them, as will be spent in
fleeing to Zion.' I wish you to remember these
things, for as sure as there is a God these things
will come to pass. Everything is going on first
rate here, and we are now building a temple, so
that you may expect to hear the devil howl in
the States, as every cursed lie that can be
thought of, will be put in circulation against us;
and it is written, 'all manner of evil shall be
spoken against you falsely for my sake.' I might
say a good deal with regard to the doctrine of
this church—but it seems altogether useless to
do so to a person who is filled with lies, and
has no knowledge of the Scripture. That is the
dispensation of the 'fulness of times,' when all things are
gathered to one, as spoken of in the New Testament. That is,
as there was a little fighting done in days of old,
there will be a fulness of it in this dispensation.
In fine, as there was a little pestilence,
plague, war and the sword in days of old, you
will have a fulness of it in this time, or last
disaster. Be not foolish in my door, now,
but believing, for as sure as the living things
will come to pass, and that before you are
aware of it. My advice to you is, seek first the
kingdom of God, and its righteousness, and all
things will be added unto you."The above perversions of Scripture are so
evidently more parrot-talk than flippant repetitions
of what a "silly woman" has caught from the
lips of corrupt and designing men—that it
enables one to see clearly with what worse than
chaff the deluded victims of this gross imposture
are fed.It is now stated that the Mormons have a
colony in Lower California, to which they
desire retreating when they find that they can no
longer maintain their supremacy in Utah. This
looks much more reasonable than the rumor
that they contemplated a retreat to the Russian
possessions. The superior climate of California,
and the fact that Mexico is a weak and
distracted state, while Russia is united and powerful,
renders this last statement very probable.
Weak as Mexico is however, she may yet prove
in one of her comparatively prosperous
moments—too strong for the Mormons; and we
think they would therefore do best to take our
advice, and obtain the sovereignty of some
island, or cluster of islands, in the Pacific. It
is not probable that even Mexico would allow
them peace within her boundaries. But in the
stillness and quiet of the Pacific seas, unmo-
lested save by the consequences of their own
sinful actions, they might wallow in their "sen-
sual style" so long as there were any of them
left to wallow, or the possible judgments of the
Almighty did not summarily interfere.The above perversions of Scripture are so
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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
WESTERN SKETCHES.

BY AUNT ALICE.

IN A HURRY.

I have for a neighbor a little, bustling Yankee woman, who is "always on the jump," to use her own expression, and yet accomplishes very little considering the effort she makes. Now this little woman (we will call her Mrs. Allbright,) has for her a girl called "Masy," and Masy cannot be hurried, but she can be hurried, and the more she is driven in her work, the more confused she becomes. Masy is from no particular State, or county, but has lived "all round." She says she wants to tell me her history in full some day, if "Miss Allbright ever gives her time to breathe," but her many trips across my back yard are of the flying order, and as Mrs. Allbright usually stands at the partition fence to urge her on, she makes such wondrous haste that her errand is only half accomplished before she feels that "time's up." Let me describe, if I can, one of her breathless, hurried calls, made a few days before Thanksgiving.

I had just stepped to the door one morning to take a look at the wintry aspect without. The snow had been falling all night, and was quite deep, but now the bright sun had come out in all its splendor, and the unbroken surface of the pure white snow was perfectly dazzling. As I stood there a moment admiring the cold but brilliant scene, I observed a female figure climbing over the back fence. The red, half bare arms holding that old blue shawl so tightly over the head, told me at once that it was "Masy," and no one else. On she came floundering through the snow, while Mrs. Allbright, true to her old post, stood at the fence, ever and anon exclaiming at the top of her voice, "Hurry, Masy, hurry, I can't stand here all day a waiting for you!"

Masy crossed the yard with long strides, and bounded in at the open door, almost upsetting me, for blinded as she was by the sun and snow, she did not see me until she was in my arms, which were outstretched to keep her off. Without stopping to apologize, she shook the snow from her skirts, and began to tell her errand. I say began, for she never ended anything, and her breathless, panting manner almost took my breath away. She seemed to feel that her mistress was at her elbow, and that she must not pause to breathe. I cannot hope to do justice to her eloquence. Not a color, semicolon, or even a comma could be squeezed between her rapidly uttered words. She stood in the door, thus preventing my closing it, and began.

"Old Miss Allbright she sent me over in the biggest hurry case as how this Thanksgiving week and we've got so much to do that we can't do naughtin' and her old man's not to bum and don't speak to be and no men folks to do chores and so we sent me to ax you as how if you will please minn to lend her your little shears for the old gobbler's got to be cooked for Thanksgiving and no man about to cut his head off and so if you will just let her have the little shears a spell to—"

"What, to kill the turkey with?" I here interrupted.

"Oh bless my soul no man but we be in with a big hurry and don't know what to do first case the old cox got in there night and et up all the fresh punkins and that string of dried ones that old Miss Allbright fished all the way from old Connecticut five years back got all et up with the mice in the top cupboard and there's holes in that shelf as big as my hand and we can't find the gimbleret to fix it and now if we can't let me have the little shears you've got I can just—"

"Mend the hole with them, I suppose," said I, hoping to help her out.

"Deary me no marn but Miss Allbright's hear about sakes now a standin' at the fence and as much as we've got to do with all them folks a comin' to Thanksgiving and no men folks about to do naughtin' and not a tater in the house and no sase of no kind to go with the turkey and all them chickins to pick and not one of 'em killed yet and no kidlin' split and Miss Allbright fretting at the fence for me to bring her the shears to—"

"You cannot split wood with my small sciss—"

"Oh hand's sakes I do wish you'd just let me have 'em of your goin to for I am in a hurry and that are suckin pig's a squealin' for his breakfast and he's got to be stuck before night with—"

"Not my sciss—"

"Oh bless us don't yer hear old Miss Allbright a callin of me and the fire's out afore this and the beans dried up in the pot and so much we have got to do case this is Thanksgiving week and old Miss Allbright just won't use tallow no how case they didn't in old Connecticut where she cum from when I tell how that no one will ever know the difference in our cakes and cookies and chickin' pies and roast pigs and plum sase and now here we be on the full jump from mornin till night and can't git naughtin' them they could do and can't do it with this ere felon on my thumb that's got to be opened fast of all so you can't spare the shears we—"

"To use as a lancet?" I asked.

"Don't now Miss Babs of you pleas efor I don't know what a lansit is and lard's no shane we can't get none and ole Miss Allbright just won't use tallow no how case they didn't in old Connecticut where she cum from when I tell how that no one will ever know the difference in our cakes and cookies and chickin' pies and roast pigs and plum sase and now here we be on the full jump from mornin till night and can't git naughtin' them they could do and can't do it with this ere felon on my thumb that's got to be opened fast of all so you can't spare the shears we—"

"You shall not stick the pig with my sciss—"

"Don't want to but of you only did know what a hurry we be in and the cistern's dry and no men folks to do naughtin' and when they be here we just have to cook for em all the time and the clothes line's broke and old Miss Allbright is as nervous and a standin at that ere fence a yellin at me and I in such a hurry and all the folks in old Connecticut is going to have a good dinner and I wasn't born there and I wish I was and I never had time to tell where I was born'd and I mean to take time and tell you yit whenever we get over Thanksgiving alive and well and the beans won't be done to-day ef I don't get home I exclaim.

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A SALE of the carriage used by ex-President Pierce is announced to come off at Concord, N.H., the proceeds of which will be given to the poor of this, his native town.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 8th, after the reading of the minutes, and other preliminary proceedings, the President's Message was received, and after being read, Mr. Douglas submitted a resolution for printing the usual number of copies of the Message and accompanying documents, 15,000 copies thereof for the use of the Senate. He reported that he had received cordially and fully the views of the President therein expressed, with the exception of that portion relative to Kansas, and the action of the Lecompton Convention. At an early day he would express his views, and give his reasons why he believed that the people of Kansas had a right to leave, if the organic act declared, perchance to form and regulate their institutions, "their own way."

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, concurred in Mr. Douglas's views respecting the Lecompton movement. At a future day he would speak on the subject, and insist, to the extent of his ability, that the people of Kansas should be treated like all others, and given fullest opportunity to regulate such institutions as they wish to live under.

Mr. Davis concurred in the views of the President concerning the Kansas question, but should not the promised remarks of Mr. Douglas before he expressed his own views.

Mr. Bigler gave notice that he should defend the position assumed by the President to the best of his ability, and respond to Mr. Douglas.

Mr. Hale voted in opposition to the Constitution formed by the Lecompton Convention, arguing that it would perpetuate slavery in Kansas, no matter whether the people accepted or rejected the slavery clause.

Mr. Seward said he should be glad to hear the President's views respecting the Kansas question, but should not the promised remarks of Mr. Douglas before he expressed his own views.

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Mr. Bigler concurred in the views of the President concerning the Kansas question, but should not the promised remarks of Mr. Douglas before he expressed his own views.

CHURCH-AFFAIRS IN BALLYGARRIFFE.

We have a few real, and a great many pseudosocial people among us at Ballygarriffe; and it lately occurred to some of them that the church-music required supervision and reformation: indeed, there could scarcely be two opinions on the subject. Plenty of singers there were, no doubt; but as the majority sang out of tune, and the whole out of time, the effect was decidedly far more ludicrous than devotional. Besides, we had a peculiarly evil-minded and perverse organ, which, in the hour of need, would puff, blow, groan, scream and whistle—in short, do anything but play.

Miss Saunders, with the vicar's approbation, took the lead in effecting a plan of musical progress, and soon changed it from an adagio to a *tempo* movement. Every one who could sing, and a great many who couldn't, were pressed into the service, enrolled in a choir, and met twice a week to practice in the church. The general effect of this preparatory exercise may be inferred from a story told with great glee and gusto by our worthy vicar himself. A clerical friend from a distance, who came to spend a few days with him, remarked one evening:

"This is certainly a delightful spot to reside in; but are you not greatly annoyed by the multitude of cats that infest it?"

"No," said Mr. Kingston; "I never remarked that our cats were particularly numerous—why do you think they are?"

"Because, as I was walking to-day on the road above the church, I heard the most dismal and prolonged caterwauling that ever reached my ears, issuing apparently from within the walls; and it occurred to me that the cats were most muster strong, since they have effected a judgment in the church itself."

Long and loudly did our vicar laugh, when, on a comparison of time and place, it appeared that it was our *choral* practice which his visitor attributed to the vocal efforts of the feline crew.

But as order out of chaos springs, our church-music did at length become tolerable. The organ was repaired, and began like Dandie Dinmont's dog, "to behave itself distinctly before company." A new bellows-blower was elected in the person of a smart urchin named Thady Lynch; the former official having been so inveigled a smoker that he used to seize every opportunity to step out of church and solace himself with a pipe; and it was always necessary to keep an active vidette on the *qui vive*, in order to summon him in time for the musical portion of the service. This office of call-boy having been satisfactorily filled by Master Thady, he in due time succeeded to the functions of the depoed smoker. The boy really threw his whole soul into the business; he blew the bellows of the renovated organ with the enthusiastic *furor* of a first-class maestro, and considered himself the very head and front of our off-screwing choir. One fine Sunday, when the congregation was a particularly large one, we were all situated in the square choir-seat, which is situated on one side of the organ, and within full view of the whole church. The morning-prayers were being read, and we were all prepared to commence the *Venite* with striking effect, a new and somewhat peculiar chant having been practised during the week, when, with eyes opened, and arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in wretched Thady. Regardless of the prayers and of the kneeling people, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"Ladies! ladies! ye must all sing like devils, for the bellows is bruk!"

It was too true; and with such voices as suppressed laughter left us, and I fear with a very slight remnant of the devotional feelings which Master Thady's escapade was so well calculated to put to flight, we sang the chants and psalms, unaided by his efforts.

Our vicarage is under lay-patronage, and the emolument is very small. The consequence is, that the non-resident nobleman, who possesses a considerable portion of Ballygarriffe, generally appoints some friend or favorite of his own, without much regard to the fitness for his post of the individual selected; the only *size qd* now being that the vicar should possess a private property sufficient for his support, and just rendering a pretty house and garden at a pleasant watering-place, and one hundred a year an agreeable addition, and a sufficient recompence for performing the very light duty attached.

There is a traditional memory among us of an incumbent who flourished at Ballygarriffe some fifty years ago, and who must certainly have been a queer specimen of the country clergy of his day. The factious bishop of the diocese is reported to have said to him one day, after having attended service at his church:

"Mr. Smith, this is not right; I find my good sir, you actually make the commandments in *imitatio atheistorum*."

"My lord, I don't understand—" said the poor man, quite astounded.

"Yes, Mr. Smith, you read the fourth commandment thus: 'For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, *they say*, and all that in them is.'"

"Oh, my lord!" cried the vicar, much relieved, "sure the people here would not understand one bit what I meant, if I said 'the sea,' as the clipping English do. Ask any one about here, my lord, what he calls the water abroad there, and he'll tell you 'they say.'"

This little difficulty being happily got over, his lordship proceeded to examine a juvenile class, when Mr. Smith was accustomed to instruct in the catechism. He had, as he thought, thoroughly drilled them in the meaning of every recollective word and phrase in that manual of religious instruction: explaining, for example, that "our spiritual pastors and masters" meant first the *bishop*, and then the inferior clergy. Being "guiltless," he told one dull girl, meant being without guilt; "just," he said, "as if you had broken the point of your needle, you would call it a pointless needle."

The examination commenced, and the boys and girls of Ballygarriffe got triumphantly through the letter of the catechism.

"Now let us come to the meaning of the words," said the bishop, smiling kindly on the *cav* of open eyes and rosy cheeks before him.

"What is being guiltless, my dear?" he said, addressing a fair-haired damsel.

"'Tis a pointless needle, my lord."

"What do you mean by that, my child?"

"Mr. Smith told us so, indeed, my lord."

An explanation from the mortified vicar of course ensued.

"Well, well, my good sir," said his diocesis.

"My love," he replied, "you can't think how

differently you will feel when you have babies of your own."

The lady smiled and bridled, and even condescended to pat the curly head that was nearest to her, perfectly unconscious of the guilty wicked badinage. The prophecy, so far as I have heard, however, still remains unfulfilled.

Great things at first were expected at Ballygarriffe from Mr. Colville's successor, our present fat and rubicund vicar. He purified, adorned, and altered the church, making clean the outside of the cup and the platter with very commendable zeal; but, alas, for the weightier matters of the law! We need not go to a certain neighboring hierarchy to look for domineering priests, while we have Mr. Kingston among us.

With respect to Mr. Kingston's sermons, the only way in which he can succeed in keeping us awake during their delivery is by scolding us, which he does at times with vengeance. A few Sundays since, a little child in the congregation began to cry, and said quite audible to his attendant: "Will you come away, Mary; he's going to beat us!" In point of vehemence and loudness, Spurgeon is a mouse compared with our vicar when he gets into a proper pulpit passion. But on ordinary occasions, when his dullness is gentle, his discourses are so thoroughly sonorous, that we are forced to self-defense to have recourse to every innocent mental excitement which may help to keep us awake. The good old lady in Longfellow's tale, who was quite content with having a "handsome bow on the congregation side of her bonnet," would have had no chance of admiration on such superficial grounds at Ballygarriffe. Every side of every one's bonnet is thoroughly criticised during the sermon-time.

One day, while taking my accustomed walk along the river-side, I met our vicar proceeding leisurely to pay a round of pastoral visits. It happened that some time before the family of a rich shopkeeper from the next town had come to reside at a very handsome villa near Ballygarriffe. But though they probably possessed as much money as half the other residents put together, their want of "blue blood" of course prevented their being received into our circle.

"Good-morning, ma'am," said Mr. Kingston as he passed me, laying, as he always does, a peculiar emphasis on the "ma'am." "I am going to pay a visit to the Carrolls."

I made some slight reply, and he went on.

When returning, I met him just issuing from the gate, while a peculiar blandness was diffused over his ruddy visage.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I have had a delightful visit."

"I am glad," I said, "that you found Mr. and Mrs. Carroll so agreeable. I believe they are most worthy, excellent people in their line of life."

"Oh, yes," responded our vicar fervently; "and besides, they are people of sound judgment, of clear and admirable intellect. Mr. Carroll told me that I could have the use of all the horses in his stable, whenever I wished; and before I had been five minutes in the drawing-room, Mrs. Carroll rang the bell, and ordered in cake and wine. Mr. Carroll then suggested champagne, and it was brought in immediately."

The dull and stupid among us, the deficient in intellect, *alias* in cake, horses, and champagne, are constantly wishing that our vicar could be fairly sent out to convert the sepoys, or be consecrated bishop of Boroboola-gah.

THE FAIRY OF THE HOUSE.

BY MARK LEMON.

A Fairy in my house,
And works such wondrous changes!

As silent as a mouse
From room to room he ranges.

My table's plainly spread
With a simple joint of mutton—

He comes! and there's instead
A banquet for a glutton.

Our crackle piano's old,
But—doubt not what I'm saying—

Its wires are turned to gold,
And angel-hands seem playing.

I've oft seen girls and boys,
Who squat and call it singing;

But let six join—the noise
Seems then like sweet bells ringing.

Sometimes they dance and play
What Nurse calls "Meg's vagaries";

Hi links their hands, and they
Seem then all graceful fairies.

He leads me to the bed
Where each lov'd one repose,

Their pillows seem o'erspread
By him with thornless roses'

And that is not to say
He wears one golden fetter;

My wife has named him Love,

I know no name that's better.

He leads me to the bed
Where each lov'd one repose,

Their pillows seem o'erspread
By him with thornless roses'

LIVINGSTON AND A LION.—He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake by a cat. It caused a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced on all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound—it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.—*Dr. Livingston's Travels.*

"She refused me at first," quoth he, in relating the history of his courtship to a friend; "but I told her it was not of the least use, for that I would still go on, 'faint yet pursuing.'"

And so it came to pass that he captured his fair Philistine; and the match, thanks to the indomitable good temper of the bridegroom, and the really excellent qualities of the somewhat sombre bride, has turned out a very happy one.

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NIAGARA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wild from his northern fastness,
The loud propulsive river—
Sowing the limitless winds of air—
With his deep-voiced, infinite thunder—
Tramples the dark hills under foot—
In his bounding glorious mission—
To the shaken hills, and the echoing caw—
And the gray primal forest!

Back from his awful forehead streams
The bloom of all the ages—
The shaggy lengths of his hoary locks—
Dashed wild against the howling winds—
And wide on the rushing tempest sweeps
His mantle of revelation!

And grasping the fædlest hoar of heaven
His shadowy hands are lifted.

Whilst he shuns in the dialect of the storm,
The cowed and trembling nations!

The winds take up the mighty strain,
And the forests bow before it—
And on the hoary-fringed rocks,
And the sovereign brow of heaven.
In light, and shadow, and burning stars,
And the leap of the subtle lightning,

In the rainbow smile,
Is written the broad translation,

And the green isle thrill with an inner voice—
Of its awful rhymes—Jehovah!

Alone, alone in his mighty solitude,
And grand as a frowning angel.
He standeth betwixt the vibrant crags—
Old as primeval darkness,
Shaking the hills with his passion of strength,
Like the voice of the resurrection,
Whilst the hoar, abysmal frost
Of the universe, he poureth

The white baptismal wine of God.

Distilled in the sphere of thunder,

On the patient, musing brow of earth,

Cooling her ancient fever.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

LYNDON HALL.
(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER V.

What had passed into Lyndon Hall? or rather, what had passed from it? The very birds seemed to sing more cheerfully in that hoary beech-row, and the Colonel himself forgot his drill manners. Lucy's fascination over him was more potent than ever, and smoothed him to such pleasant serenity that even Norah was included in the general amnesty, and her chain lengthened by a couple of links at the very least. The young men, of course, proposed to leave; but the Colonel, prompted by Lucy, would not accept their dismissal, and insisted on their remaining some weeks longer.

The walks and drives about Lyndon were very lovely. Norah had always taken great delight in them, in her little, quiet, silent way; but she thought them more beautiful than ever now. But the hedgerows looked greener, the dew lay more brightly, the glittering grass, the flowers were more numerous, the birds sang more sweetly this year, than on any preceding years: there was a life, a freshness, a luxuriance she had never noticed before: it was nature without her mask of clouds. She did not know that the change was in herself, not in outward things, and that the light which lay so bright and loving on the world, was the light of freedom, not of heaven. Every one noticed the change in Norah. The very servants discussed it in their hall.

Norah and Edmund were frequent companions. This was by Miss Lucy's maneuvering. Having made up her mind that they were the two Halves of which the Germans speak, she did her best to fit them together. She hoped to accomplish her moral masonry before Gregory's return: when it would be too late to "hark back."

"This is pleasant, Lucy," said Norah, suddenly. She and her friend were sitting on the lawn; Edmund, half-way at their feet, reading aloud. Launce was away with the Colonel, inspecting some improvements.

Lucy looked down at Edmund. She saw his pale face, and his eyes grow larger and darker.

"Yes, very enjoyable," she answered. "What do you say, Edmund?"

"I think enjoyable too cold a word," said Edmund, raising his eyes to Norah. "Take my advice," said Norah hastily. "Do not despise coldness. Do not strain after excess of expression or unbridled feeling. There is nothing like self-command, Mr. Thorold, believe me."

Lucy and Edmund exchanged looks; but Edmund's was full of pain; in Lucy's was a slight sneer, as she thought what a shameful trick Edmund had played them all, to throw him at the feet of one who had not strength or power enough to love him: to waste all that fire and energy in watering desert sand. Ah! if that same fate had but given Gregory to Thorold—his love would have met a far different return.

"My view of life, and of love, and sympathy," said Edmund, gently. "Sympathy certainly cannot change our natures; it cannot make the passionate cold, or the cold passion; but it can modify. If our uncontrolled impulses wound the one we love, it seems to me the manifest duty of the man, who is the stronger, to fashion himself, so far as he can, into such form as his friend would have him wear; and to check for her sake, all outward expression of what he may not be able to destroy within him. I understand no self-assertion in the man who loves."

Norah did not answer. While Edmund spoke, she looked at him earnestly and sorrowfully, with something very like tears in her eyes. But Norah's tears seldom passed the boundary of her lids.

"Not many men are like you," at last she said with a gentle sigh.

"Oh! he is such a gentle, loving creature," said Lucy to her, when they were alone. "Edmund always reminds me of that statue of the youthful genius you are so fond of; and by the bye, he is not unlike it, in feature; so gentle, so kind, so considerate to others, so full of rare right feeling." She beat her eyes on the little creature earnestly.

"Yes, he is a very interesting boy," Norah answered, cordially. "I never knew one I liked so well with so much, or who put me so entirely at my ease. And that is no slight praise from such a nervous person as I am." She added, half-laughing.

Lucy reported her words to Edmund, and cost him a night's rest thereby. It was not only the fulfilment of his own love—for he knew her—he that sought, but her deliverance from a man who held her by force, and made her life a burden to her. We all know what a

terrible lever to love is fanaticism, and the belief that love is duty.

Norah saw nothing. She had been too long accustomed to the fiery noon of Gregory's passion to see what forms were floating in the soft dim twilight of Edmund's tender affection. Unconsciously she encouraged what she did not recognize. By her gentle kindness and her evident preference; by her silent friendship; by her girlish confidence, she aided hourly in consolidating the fatal fancy she would have destroyed at once, had she known of it. But it never occurred to her that he meant love when she meant only kindness, or that she was answering a passion when she gave back mere kindness. Then, he was so young—such a mere boy!—only just her own age!

Gregory had now been away three weeks. He wrote letters daily that might have been traced in fire: so fiercely loving and so full of burning anguish. They were less painful to Norah than his presence; but, though only letters, they were singularly trying to her. She dressed them in a weaker degree, but in the same manner as she used to dress his visits and his passionate prayer: "Norah, let me speak with you!"

He said nothing of his return, and nothing of his business. The Colonel alone knew what that business was; and was discreet. Thankfulness at his absence swallowed up curiosity in Norah, and hope in Lucy: so that days and days were on, and no mention was made of his return. And still Lucy's brothers stayed at Lyndon Hall, and Edmund's soul went deeper beneath the waves which give back nothing living.

But Launce? Oh! good-tempered, genial, soft-hearted Launce looked on and wondered: and, when he did not wonder, laughed. As for the Colonel, he thought his way was clear before him. Surely he had secured all the approaches! Surely she had not an inch of ground left for defense or for retreat; but, more surely than all, she was willing to capitulate, and did not seek for defense or retreat. And he would be proud of his beautiful prize; he would parade her before the eyes of the world, as a priceless gem in a gorgious setting. He was satisfied there were no flaws in the jewel, and that he would not be disgraced by wearing it. So, the sooner she was set upon his hand the better for her, and the happier for him. But this was just what Lucy did not want. It was premature and disorganized. The explanation must be delayed at least till Norah's affair was settled; and yet the Colonel had grown so pressing. What should she do? Foolish girl she had been!—why had she heaped up the coals so high? What she had lighted for amusement in the first instance, threatened conflagration now to all around; and she had no one to blame but herself. She could have wept at seeing her mimic spring too quickly, and at her inability to stave off the dreaded hour. But weeping her spiteful tears, and smiling her most blandishing smiles, it was all one to Fate and the Colonel: the hour came on inexorably. Colonel Lyndon of Lyndon Hall made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune, in the bay-window of the drawing-room; sitting on the ottoman, and offering this precious prize in such a tone of provoking certainty, that Lucy could have boxed his ears with good will. As she could not afford herself that satisfaction, she accepted him.

"At all events," said Lucy, to herself, "if Gregory and Norah do marry, and I do not wish to be this old gentleman—but Lyndon is a fine place!—I can always break it off when I like. Better that chance, than refusing him, and being obliged to leave Lyndon, and to have all my plans destroyed. But no one was to know of it," said Lucy, coolly. "It was their dear little secret, and they would keep it sacred for a few days yet."

And the Colonel assented. Thus Lucy gained more breathing time.

CHAPTER VI.

This extraordinary production of the Keystone State, is barely a year old, and therefore far from being fully developed. His dimensions are nearly as follows:—Height, 37 inches; length, 7 feet 9 inches; girth of body, 41 inches; girth of fore leg, 13 inches; girth of neck, 25 inches; weight, over 200 pounds. Such is his strength, that a man weighing 200 pounds may spring on his back without causing him to flinch. He has been accustomed to carry a bullet on his back; consequently he requires but little practice to make him a first-rate "saddle-dog." He is owned by Mr. Francis Butler of New York, and valued at \$1,200.

"Prince" is now in England, and recently had the honor of an introduction to the Queen and

Prince Albert at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort are stated by Mr. Butler to have been much interested in this remarkable dog, his gigantic proportions, and symmetrical beauty, with which are combined dauntless courage and perfect docility. Several photographs were taken of him in the Palace-yard, by Mr. Bambridge, photographer to the Prince Consort; and a sensation was produced in the Royal Barracks, at Eton College, and throughout the town of Windsor, on the appearance of this extraordinary visitor.

The European doctrine of the degeneracy of animals on the American continent—combated by Mr. Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia"—does not seem to be sustained by "Prince."

present engagement, Miss Lyndon, the whole study of my life will be how best to make you happy; how best to shape my life to yours.

He took her hand; it was cold and trembled.

"I am sorry you have said all this," Norah answered, in a low voice, "for now I have lost my companion. I do not love you, Mr. Thorold, and I did not know that you loved me—

—You were a prized companion—the first I have ever had—and I liked you, and felt grateful to you; but indeed, indeed, I do not love you."

Edmund made no complaint. He only shivered, and turned paler than Norah herself, his forehead and upper lip standing thick with heavy drops.

"Then you love your cousin, who is expected back so soon—perhaps this very day—to claim you?"

Norah was silent.

"I did not know that," continued Edmund; "I did not believe you loved him."

Still she did not speak; she only shuddered slightly and looked down.

"But you forgive me for my presumption?" said the poor youth, grievingly, doing his best to prolong the conversation—the last he might ever have with her alone, or on that dangerously dear topic.

"Forgive you?—yes!—but it is not presumption. I have been to blame for not having understood your feelings better. Forgive you? Indeed, yes! but there is no forgiveness deserved."

She spoke fast for her, and almost with warmth.

He raised her hand to his lips, without any show of passion, in a quiet, subdued manner only, then left her—very sadly, but patiently and calmly—Norah looking after him sadly, too—grieving as if she should never see that young sight again.

She was still looking after him when Gregory stood before her. Livid, haggard, worn with a light in his eyes as in those of a panther about to spring, he stood before Norah like an evil spirit. Norah screamed, and started to her feet. Then, again, slowly stiffening into the statue-like, passive, painful immobility which was all that Gregory knew of her.

"I have heard your conversation," said Gregory, bitterly. "Is this the way you call faithfulness?"

"I have broken no vow," said Norah.

"No; they perhaps my ears have deceived me; perhaps I have heard nothing; perhaps it is a dream—a fancy—and young Edmund Thorold has made you no offer of his love. Am I mad, Norah? Am I dreaming? Have I my actual senses, and yet you dare tell me to my face that you have kept your faith with me?"

"Thank you—thank you for that word!—Then you will hear me patiently and quietly, and without anger, whatever you may reply!"

"Yes," said Norah, with a frank, but still perplexed expression, saying to herself, "what can he mean!"

"Have I deceived myself?" he then began: "have I read your heart only by the light of my own? But no! it cannot all be only the reflection of myself! You do feel for me kindly, affectionately, with sympathy—is it not so, Miss Lyndon? You do!"

He spoke earnestly, but oh, so gently!—his soft voice falling like music on the air, his manner so controlled, so respectful!

"Yes," said Norah, looking frightened. "I do feel all this for you."

"No more! Must I be content only with friendship? Oh, Norah! I can keep my secret no longer. Promised though you are to another—but promised to one you do not love, and with whom you are unhappy and ill-assorted—it is no dishonor to seek to free you. If you can gain sufficient strength to break off your

"To-night, cousin? Secretly! Without my father's knowledge? No, no!" said Norah, terrified.

He seized her in his arms.

"Despair and terror nerves Norah. "No, cousin," she said, "I cannot do this without my father's consent."

"Then that I spoke true. You do not love me," groaned Gregory. "Oh! what prevents my killing you now, as you lie back upon my arm? What better death for both!" he muttered, passing his hand inside his vest, and laying it on the handle of a dagger always worn there.

"You may kill me if you will, cousin," said Norah, her terror lending her the semblance of courage.

"Kill you! Not a hair of that golden head should come to harm by me!" cried poor Gregory, pressing his lips upon her head. "My life! my love! Harm from my hand? Never! Never! Harm to myself first. But you love me, too!"

"No," said Norah, "I do not love you, cousin."

"You do not love me? Then you love him? Woe to him!"

"Cousin," said Norah, faintly, "I do not love him. I love no one."

Norah never knew, in after years, how much was true, and how much fancy, of what she thought she remembered of the time when her cousin leapt the meadow-hedge, and she told him with the courage of despair, that she did not love him.

Twilight was drawing on. In a distant part of the park, Edmund Thorold was seen by a pair of watchful eyes to walk by the river-side. The youth was thinking of the scene beneath the beech-trees; lamenting over his ill-fortune—grieving that he had tempted fate so soon—but, above all, grieving that he must leave the first and only woman he had yet found to realize his ideal; that he must leave her to slavery and misery, while he went out to desolation and despair. He sat down on the branch of a tree overhanging the river, just where it ran most rapidly, through the arches of the bridge—where it was deepest, wildest and noisiest. A stealthy step crept up to him as he sat; but he was nothing: his face was pressed upon his arms, and these were laid against the tree, and the rushing water deadened every sound. Suddenly he heard a cry. He started up. A dark face glared over him; a hand was on his throat; and he was swung through the open air like a child, then dashed heavily upon the rocks below. A slight moan, a faint stirring of the limbs, the broken eddy boiling and roaring for a moment, then closing again; and the river ran reddened over a bleeding corpse.

That night Lucy Thorold eloped with Gregory Lyndon.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day Lyndon Hall was in confusion. Edmund missing—not at home all night: Lucy flown: Norah like a ghost; Gregory seen stealing about the place in a mysterious and burglarious fashion—all these wild reports met Colonel Lyndon as he descended to the breakfast-room, where Launcelot Thorold, agitated and abashed, was the only one to greet him. Norah had not yet come down. It was with great effort that she came at all, for she was painfully ill.

"What does this mean?" said the Colonel, angrily. "Is all the household in league to bewilder me? Do you understand it, Mr. Thorold? Where are your brother and sister? Where, too, is Norah? What?" (an untranslatable expletive) "is the meaning of all this, sir?"

"I do not know where my brother is," replied Launcelot. "He has not been at home all night. My sister, I grieve to say—" He hesitated.

"Well, sir, what? Speak, Mr. Thorold!"

Your sister!" The old Colonel looked stern, pulled up his stock, and scowled, as if Launcelot had been the cause of it all.

"My sister—" began Launcelot. But here he was interrupted by a servant bringing in a small scented note, written in violet ink.

"If you please, sir, this is for you," said the man. "Justine, Miss Thorold's maid, gave it me. Miss Thorold left it for you on her pin-cushion."

The Colonel tore it open.

"My dear Uncle," it began—"for so I may soon hope to address you—stir, my happiness is at hand. Your nephew, Gregory, has, at last, understood that poor little Norah did not love him; no fault of hers, dear child; she did her best to obey you; but hearts are sometimes disobedient, and his has followed the—shall I say it?—first impulse of our introduction: he has loved me instead. I have known this for some time, but thought it prudent to be silent. This may account to you, dear uncle, for much which, at the time, you misunderstood, but in which I could not set you right, or enlighten you. To avoid unpleasantness to you and to others, dear Gregory and I have decided on being married privately, away from Lyndon. When assured of your approbation—about which, however, I have no kind of doubt—we shall return to ask your blessing and recognition. From your expressed kind feeling for me, I am sure you will be pleased by my happiness in being made dear Gregory's wife. For Norah, I dare say she will find a husband nearer to her taste, and more similar in nature; and perhaps the two families will be even more closely united yet. Ask Edmund, dear uncle, where his heart is gone to; for it has been quite a chase; and I hope it will be very near you, and I shall hope to see you often.

Your affectionate niece.

"LUCY.

"P. S.—I enclose a note which dear Gregory has just given me. Adieu! L. T."

Gregory's note was shorter, and more to the point. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir—My cause is lost. In searching among the papers which my father left sealed up in his lawyer's hands, we found—not a certificate of his marriage, but a confession, under his own hand, and which had left me a

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

The Report of Mr. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, exhibits the state of the Treasury—already shown by the President's Message. He takes ground against an increase in the Tariff, using the usual arguments against the Protective System. We make the following extracts from the Report:

THE TARIFF.

It is an error to suppose that the occasional reverses which have so seriously affected our manufacturing interest is attributable to the want of a high protective system. In the policy which the Government has adopted of allowing many of the raw materials used by them to come in, either free of duty or at low duties in the incidental protection which a tariff laid for the purpose of revenue gives them—in the increasing consumption of the products of the country, they find the most ample encouragement which could reasonably be expected or desired. Like all other interests in the country, they suffer from the two frequent changes of the tariff, and from those fluctuations in business which flow from causes wholly distinct and separate from the tariff question. What they need is steady prices, a sound currency, and protection against the ruinous effects and expansions in the credit system. From a free and unrestricted commerce with the world, no interest in our country would derive a more certain and permanent benefit than the manufacturers.

Rejecting the proposition to raise the tariff as a means of relief and looking to the probable receipts and expenditures for the present and next years, no change is recommended in the Act of March 3, 1857, at this time. The present tariff is not recorded as perfect; far from it. It has, however, been in operation less than six months—a length of time too short to judge of its workings, even under the most favorable circumstances. This fact, in connection with the revolution in business, makes it wholly impracticable to form a judgment upon its merits. The only changes which could be made at present as can be done with propriety. A return to the decimal division in the rates of duties, a more accurate classification of various articles, and other amendments, would greatly improve the law, if it should be found by experience unnecessary to make any radical change in its general provisions. The propriety of postponing any action upon the subject, until an opportunity has been offered of testing its general merits, seems to admit of no serious doubt.

THE MONETARY REVOLUTION.

Returning to the question of relief which is expected from the Government, it becomes necessary to inquire into the cause of the present revolution, as preliminary to the consideration of a proper remedy for it. Public opinion generally holds the banks responsible for all our embarrassments. The true cause is to be found in the undue expansion of the credit system. The banks, however, are not the only part of that system; there are other elements entering into it which, equally with the question of the banks, demand public consideration.

Credit, confined to its legitimate functions, is the representative of capital, and when used within that limit, may extend and invigorate trade and business; when it ceases to be such representative, it stimulates over-trading, excess speculation, and introduces an undue element in the business of the country. It is this undue expansion of credit which has brought the country into its present embarrassment.

The system of bank credit, as the over-issue of bank notes, is a part, and a very important part, of this undue expansion. A spirit of speculation was created, a demand is made upon the banks for the use of their credit, and yielding to the pressure, they respond by the increased issue of their notes, and by enlarging their discounts. The extent to which the banks have enlarged their credit beyond its proper limits is not to be measured alone by the amount of their circulation.

At the time the New York city banks suspended specie payments in October, they had a balance of over \$100,000,000 in their vaults that their notes in circulation, and notwithstanding this fact, they were unable to meet the demands of their creditors promptly with specie, owing to their credit operations under their deposit system. Having extended their own credit, and enabled their customers to do the same, they were unprepared for the revolution which came upon them. If it be true that our embarrassments have been occasioned by the cause here assigned, we must look beyond the action of the banks, to the operations of other corporations, and to individuals, fathers and sons, the entire cause of our difficulties. The limits of this Report will not admit of a detailed examination of this subject, but a military illustration will present the subject in its proper light. In answer to a circular letter addressed to the various railroad corporations of the country, the information contained in table No. 9 has been obtained.

OVERLAND MAIL SERVICE TO CALIFORNIA.—This is the last, and perhaps the most important, topic of the Report. It is certainly made evident by the facts presented that the mail service, which is to be conducted by the manner and ability with which it is done.

Under authority of a law of the last Congress, the Postmaster General has made a contract for transporting the entire letter mail from St. Louis and Memphis, converging at Little Rock, Arkansas, El Paso and Fort Yuma, to San Francisco, California, and back, twice a week, in four-horse post-coaches, suitable for passengers, to Cincinnati, and elsewhere, each of whom will be discontinued, and when the great through mails from Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and other important cities of the West, can be transmitted to New Orleans in less than half the time now required, and with the regularity of a well-constructed and well-managed railroad.

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

The remarks already made in connexion with the Independent Treasury of the General Government, are here applicable to the effect that would be produced by such a policy. The collection and disbursement in specie of the revenues of both the General and State Governments, not to speak of the State of the Treasury, will be greatly simplified, and the entire system will be perfectly accurate, it approximates sufficiently near for the illustration of my argument. It exhibits the extent to which this class of corporations has contributed to that expansion of credit which is properly chargeable with the recent revolution.

It is due to a large class of our railroad companies to state that this excessive indebtedness is not equally distributed among them. Some have conducted their business with the utmost prudence and success, whilst others have so far exceeded these limits as to present the foregoing aggregate result of railroad operations in the United States.

The undue expansion of credit, which stimulated in some an eager desire to borrow, and in others a willing disposition to lend, which engendered schemes of imprudent speculation, leading to rapid fluctuations in prices and habits of extravagance, I regard as the principal cause for the embarrassment existing in the commerce of the country. The result of such evils is to be found in a return to the prudent course and steady habits which, for a time, were unhappily laid aside. This Government could do but little towards extricating individuals, corporations, or communities from the pernicious consequences of their extravagant expenditures or ill-conceived enterprises. When credit has been extended so far beyond the bounds of legitimate confidence as to create a revolution in trade, involving a fall of prices, and a destruction of wealth, a special adjustment of the relations between creditor and debtor, by liquidation and settlement, is the surest mode for the restoration of the equilibrium.

Wild and chimerical speculations will thus have their termination, industry will be better enabled to realize its sober expectations, and the substantial interests of society, being relieved from the noxious influence of excitement, would be better preserved. The public will be custodized in its functions, in communicating a healthful and vigorous activity to the business of the country. The proper agency of the Government in such a case is to remove whatever impediment may exist to the exertion of the native force of society, and to extract from the experience they have gained, lessons to be embodied in wholesome and well-considered laws to prevent the recurrence of the evils.

It is evident that the great moneyed corporations created under the laws of the States, have had a controlling influence in the undue expansion of private credit. In many of the States, the legislation in respect to these is stringent, and embodies many of the safeguards that experience has suggested for their regulation.

But it will not be denied that this legislation has been nugatory. The State authorities have already manifested an eager disposition to relieve them from the penalties they have incurred, and to dispense, as far as they were able,

with the performance of the obligations they had exacted from them when they were organized. This has been done, in some cases, without an inquiry into their creation or management, or their capacity to resume the position of solvent institutions, or even to protect the community from a depreciated paper currency.

In my judgment, the period has arrived for Congress to employ the powers conferred by the Constitution upon it to mitigate the present evil, and to prevent a catastrophe of a similar kind in future; and for this purpose a compulsory bankrupt law, to include two classes of corporations and companies, is necessary. It should be a law for the protection of creditors, not the relief of debtors; to prevent improper credit, not to reward improvidence; debtors; compulsory, not voluntary. The effect of such a law would be far more in its restraining influence than in its practical execution.

I do not recommend a law similar to either of those which have heretofore existed, and were abandoned after a short and unsatisfactory experience. The first was adopted the 4th April, 1800, and was repealed the 19th December, 1803. It provided for a compulsory process of bankruptcy against those merchants and commission agents, at the suit of creditors, whose insolvency had become manifest by certain overt acts of fraud or defalcation, and selected a collection of creditors of the insolvent, to be chosen through the judicial tribunals of the United States, which was followed by his discharge from the debts his estate had not satisfied. The second act was passed 12th August, 1841, and was repealed the 3rd March, 1843. This act, besides the compulsory system of the act of 1800, contained a system of bankruptcy to be applied on the petition of an insolvent debtor, of any class or profession, and to result in his relief from his debts and engagements, upon the surrender of his property and compliance with other conditions of the act.

There are objections to the present adoption of the systems developed in these acts.

The voluntary feature of the act of 1800 is rejected as unwise, unjust, and unnecessary. It was this provision which rendered that law so justly odious in the public mind. Nor do I propose to extend the provisions even of a compulsory bankrupt law to the numerous cases covered by the act of 1841. It is better to leave to the operation of the insolvent and bankrupt laws of the several States all cases which do not exceed the aggregate of money thereby transferred from \$13,000,000 in 1840, to \$11,865,500 in 1856. It is to be hoped that some plan will be devised that will give the people of this country the advantages of such a system.

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The following abstract of the Postmaster General's Report will be found interesting:—

MONETARY ORDERS.—The Postmaster General makes but brief allusion to this important subject. He refers to the outline of a plan transmitted to a Committee of Congress by his predecessor, but makes no recommendation further than to remark that the system has worked successfully in Great Britain. The number of money-orders issued in that country has increased from 1,000,000 in 1840 to 1,500,000 in 1856. It is to be hoped that some plan will be devised that will give the people of this country the advantages of such a system.

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NEWS ITEMS.

THE SWISS CONSUL-GENERAL at Rio Janeiro has addressed to the French Council a report on the lamentable position of a great number of Swiss colonies in Brazil. He expressed a hope that the Swiss authorities will find the means of totally preventing emigration to Brazil.

NEGROES versus SEPOYS.—Letters from Nasau, N. P., state that the 2nd West India Regiment, consisting of colored men, has been ordered to India by the British Government, and it was expected that these men would particularly distinguish themselves.

COLD WEATHER.—A letter from Iowa, November 26, says the Mississippi is closed, and persons are crossing on the ice. In Minnesota snow was a foot deep, and the thermometer 3° below zero.

A CLERGYMAN of Greenfield, Massachusetts, in a discourse on the "hard times," Thanksgiving day, requested his congregation to diminish his salary the coming year \$100, in view of the financial pressure. His present salary is \$400.

In the Supreme Court, New York, a decision was recently rendered in the Lemanon slave case, affirming the previous decision of Judge Paine, declaring that the slaves are free—emulating the general principle that a slaveholder cannot carry his slaves through a free into a slave State. Judge Roosevelt dissents.

The late James Battle of Mobile bequeathed \$600,000 to his widow, the Battle House, to his grand-nephew, and \$10,000 each to the Orphan Asylum and the Methodist Church.

WOUNDED LEG.—The guardians of a poor establishment in England have made a claim upon the widow of a man who had a leg amputated, now deceased, for a wooden leg of a first rate quality, which they had provided for the use of her husband in his life time. The widow resists the claim on the ground that the leg was a part of her husband while he lived, and is now a portion of his goods and chattels.

A WILL has recently been recorded at the office of the Register of Wills, in this city, in which the testator makes a small bequest to one of the family, the remainder of his estate, consisting of a sum in hand and wagon on the back and Calais route from Boddington to the next stopping place, twenty miles from this city, being without passengers, his team was beat by a pack of wolves. They were about a dozen in number, and came on fierce and noisy—Mitche!—however, drove up smart, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the wolves were quite as much frightened as himself. As they pressed hard upon him and glared their eyes, he struck them with his whip, and, in time, got the whip out of their teeth, which laid out one of the hungry crew, and, for the time, checked their pursuit. This was providentially near the stopping place, upon arriving at which, the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright. Wolves and bears are very plenty on the back route and very audacious.

THE LATE DUCHESS DE NEUMORS.—The *Independent*, of London, gives the following extract from a private letter written from London, by Dr. H. G. de Moisy, physician to the Queen Marie Amelie, to a friend at Brussels:—"I have not arrived from Claremont, where the Duchess de Neumors has died suddenly from an apoplectic attack. Her accouchement took place a fortnight ago. Never was maternity less trying; never has maternity cost less pain. The health of the Duchess was excellent. She intended to leave England in a month, however, had persons mailing correspondence for Calais and other parts of the Pacific coast for the Isthmus of Panama, should she die in sealing their letters.

CAPTAIN WALKER, of the South America, relates a fact which perhaps is worth repeating. He found two polar bears in her with her cub, swimming in the Arctic Ocean, forty miles from land. And Captain Murdoch, of the *Nassau*, relates that he shot one hundred miles from land. During these two months, however, there and bays, which must have several days, they live on their own hair, or grosses attached to it, as the hair is found in rolls in their stomachs when killed. Captain Walker took a barrel of bear's oil from the cub which he killed.

THE Auditor of the Bank Department of Indiana reports that only one bank, established under the free banking law, has suspended—the Tippecanoe Bank. There are ten banks now winding up and redeeming their circulation at par. The bank notes include: State of Indiana, \$1,221,529; State of Virginia, \$191,000; State of Missouri, \$120,000; miscellaneous, \$101,000; total, \$1,933,529.

THE receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the month of November were \$360,443.89, being an increase of \$7,321.66, as compared with the same month last year. The increase thus far this year is \$203,299.27.

The Message started to California for the use of the press of the Pacific side, by the steamer *Escape of Maniacs*.—On Tuesday night, 5th inst., two insane patients effected their escape from the Maryland Asylum, at Baltimore.

The Rochester Democrat says the quantity of butter in the hands of farmers is believed to be larger now than at any previous time for many years. The best roll is freely offered at sixteen cents, and firkins and country store lots are difficult to sell at fourteen cents. Even at these prices, however, the market scarcely bear shipment to the New York market.

GEN. WM. F. PAKER, Governor elect of Pennsylvania, was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs recently, while out hunting. He has recovered so far as to be out of danger and to be abroad again, receiving the congratulations of his friends.

RELIGIOUS FEUD.—The dissensions between the Catholic clergy and laity in Illinois, has become very sharp. Three hundred communions at the Parish of St. Ann, have addressed a letter to two Priests in the interest of the Canadian Bishop, asking him to intercede with the Pope that the dioceses among the churches had better be used in giving food and raiment to the poor.

WHEELING, Va., Dec. 10.—At one o'clock this morning, the college buildings at Bethany, Brooks County, Virginia, were entirely destroyed by fire, together with the furniture, three valuable libraries, extensive laboratories, chemical apparatus, and valuable papers. It is supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

HOW M. N. BAXTER has resigned his seat in Congress, to take effect about the 1st of January, when he will enter upon his duties as Governor of Massachusetts.

THE Legislature of Virginia has re-elected R. M. T. Hunter as United States Senator for the term commencing March 4th, 1859. His election was nearly unanimous.

A BURGLARY was committed on the night of the 9th instant, at the United States Customs House, in Oswego, New York. The door was blown open with gunpowder and \$500 carried away.

THE Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford, Mass., was recently married to Mrs. Fowler, a daughter of the late Archdeacon Campbell, of Campbellville, N. Y. Mr. Pierpont, who is widely known as a poet and advocate of Total Abstinence, was born in April, 1785. He is therefore entering into conjugial relations, for the third time, we believe, at the age of 72 years.

THE Boston Banks resumed specie payments on the 1st of December.

The will of George W. P. Custis directs that all his slaves, some 200 or 300, shall be set free within the next five years, leaving it to his executors to provide the necessary funds from his estate to remove them from the Commonwealth.

A LIBERAL PUBLISHER.—The Rev. Mr. Caid preached a sermon before Queen Victoria, at Balmoral. A lady friend of the preacher, and a widow, had been ill, and the Rev. Mr. Caid, through his "down" on sermons as unspeakable commodities, offered £100 for it, to trust to the circumstances of its delivery to make a sale. The sum was beyond the dreams of the preacher, and was accepted immediately. A few months after a letter from Meers Blackwood informed Mr. Caid's friend the sermon had sold so well that they begged him to forward to the reverend father another check for £400, which they enclosed. £2,500 for a sermon! The liberal spirit of the publishers cannot be too prominently held up for example.

COSTLY WEDDING APPAREL.—The young Countess Maria Dorothea de Castellane has just been united to Prince Frederic de Radzwill, a Prussian officer. Portions of the lady's wedding equipage were exposed in Paris. In the window were displayed sixty handkerchiefs, costing from two to three hundred dollars each. On some of them the embroidery of the arms of the house alone cost eighty dollars. The arms of the house, the helmeted lion and Radzwill, were interwoven and surrounded by the crown of the prince—all in pure gold. The threads were malleable, pure, and so arranged as not to be dim in washing. There were seven cashmere shawls, of seven different colors—one was of silk, embroidered with gold and turquoise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y. ROSS & TOOMEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md. SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn. HUNT & MINER, Pittsburgh. H. L. LYMAN & CO., Boston & St. Louis, Chicago, Ill. A. GUNTER, No. 99 Ward St., Louisville, Ky. HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn. ELIJAH ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa. E. SEMON, Richmond, Va. MULTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala. J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota. Special dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

DEPRECIATION OF PROPERTY IN BOSTON.—Such has been the depreciation of property by the recent reduction in value of real estate that have been reduced almost to poverty by it. It must be remembered, however, that a change of time may greatly increase the present market values. The Boston Transcript says the stocks of a deceased person's estate, which two years ago was appraised at \$150,000, were sold and invested in State securities, and the difference between the market value of the stocks sold and the securities now held by the party is no less than forty thousand dollars. It is reported in financial circles that the personal estate of an eminent merchant who died in Boston last fall was valued at \$100,000, and that the \$1,000,000, and consisting mainly of railway shares and bonds, have shrunk so much during the past two years, that the depreciation is more than a million of dollars. It is stated that the manufacturing stocks owned by a single family have depreciated more than a million dollars in value within two years.

WOLVES IN MAINE.—The bears having monopolized much attention lately, says a *Bangor* (Maine) paper of the 5th, the wolves claim注意. On the 21st last, a boy was severely gored by a pack of wolves on the back and Calais route from Boddington to the next stopping place, twenty miles from this city, being without passengers, his team was beat by a pack of wolves. They were about a dozen in number, and came on fierce and noisy—Mitche!—however, drove up smart, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the wolves were quite as much frightened as himself. As they pressed hard upon him and glared their eyes, he struck them with his whip, and, in time, got the whip out of their teeth, which laid out one of the hungry crew, and, for the time, checked their pursuit. This was providentially near the stopping place, upon arriving at which, the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright. Wolves and bears are very plenty on the back route and very audacious.

THE LATE DUCHESS DE NEUMORS.—The *Independent*, of London, gives the following extract from a private letter written from London, by Dr. H. G. de Moisy, physician to the Queen Marie Amelie, to a friend at Brussels:—"I have not arrived from Claremont, where the Duchess de Neumors has died suddenly from an apoplectic attack. Her accouchement took place a fortnight ago. Never was maternity less trying; never has maternity cost less pain. The health of the Duchess was excellent. She intended to leave England in a month, however, had persons mailing correspondence for Calais and other parts of the Pacific coast for the Isthmus of Panama, should she die in sealing their letters.

CAPTAIN WALKER, of the South America, relates a fact which perhaps is worth repeating. He found two polar bears in her with her cub, swimming in the Arctic Ocean, forty miles from land. And Captain Murdoch, of the *Nassau*, relates that he shot one hundred miles from land. During these two months, however, there and bays, which must have several days, they live on their own hair, or grosses attached to it, as the hair is found in rolls in their stomachs when killed. Captain Walker took a barrel of bear's oil from the cub which he killed.

THE Auditor of the Bank Department of Indiana reports that only one bank, established under the free banking law, has suspended—the Tippecanoe Bank. There are ten banks now winding up and redeeming their circulation at par. The bank notes include: State of Indiana, \$1,221,529; State of Virginia, \$191,000; State of Missouri, \$120,000; miscellaneous, \$101,000; total, \$1,933,529.

THE receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the month of November were \$360,443.89, being an increase of \$7,321.66, as compared with the same month last year. The increase thus far this year is \$203,299.27.

The Message started to California for the use of the press of the Pacific side, by the steamer

GOLD DISCOVERED IN KANSAS.—George Butler, United States Indian Agent in the Creek nation, writing from Talegah to the South-West (Missouri) Democrat, says that a portion of Kansas, between the 3rd and 39th parallels, near Pike's, on the South Plate, is aiferous. Mr. Beck, from the 3rd parallel, of the South, says that visited that part of the territory, and says that for three hundred miles around, gold may be obtained. The Indian Agent says there is some excitement among the Creeks about these golden discoveries. He says further that it is unsafe for small companies to visit the gold section, in consequence of the presence of hostile tribes of Indians.

IMPORTANT.
YOU FEEL DESTITUTED.
YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT TRIFLES.
YOU CANNOT WORK WITH ENERGY.
YOU HAVE NO APPETITE.
YOU CANNOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.
YOU FEEL DIZZY.

Read *Husband's German Bitter*, they will cure you when you are ill.

They are prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, 43 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and patent medicine dealers throughout the United States, Canada and South America, for 75 cents per bottle, with the signature of C. M. Jackson on the paper of each.

From the New York Day Book.

HAIR DYE.—WILE WASH, for the article that is now a restorer of hair, the change of which to gray, being an indication of a lack of proper nutrition. It is a hair dye, and a hair tonic.

HAIR TONIC, of the certificates of the leading minds over the Union do not fail, is the only safe remedy for the hair, which can be found.

Quince preparat. to the roots of the hair, which can be found.

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Wit and Humor.

WHO STOLE THE WINE?

The impropriety of rashly suspecting the honesty of servants is remarkably illustrated by the following incident. For some time past a lady in this city has been annoyed by the disappearance of the contents of her wine-bottles, and had about made up her mind to consult with her son—a recent graduate of a theological college, and of course a very exemplary young man—upon the expediency of giving Betty, the chambermaid, her walking-papers. The youthful clergyman, protested against such a course. He had the idea that Betty would do such a thing. "I should as soon think of charging myself with it," he added, as with a look of virtuous magnanimity he adjusted his tortoise-bowed eye-glass to his nose, and took up a Greek Testament. "We should be careful, my dear mother," he continued, (with the air and tones of Telemache's Mentor,) "of the good name and reputation of our servants. But for an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, we might be in the same mean position ourselves. These poor creatures, dependent upon us, are, in one sense at least, members of our family, and we are in some measure accountable for their happiness and well-being." The nice young man crossed his legs as he said this, and reclining a little further back in the luxurious easy-chair, in which he sat facing his mother, tapped his knee with his eye-glass self-approvingly.

"It is sentiment worthy of you, my dear Augustus," rejoined the gratified parent, (a rather pursy lady, with a long nose that had a tendency to meet her chin,) "but—"

"Besides," said he, interrupting her, the *onus probandi*—I mean, the burden of proof—rests upon you. *Laudibus arguit rini rinosus*; has the girl ever alluded to the wine?"

"Not she, indeed, but nobody has access to it but ourselves and her. You never drink wine, nor do I, (except occasionally when I have that pain in my stomach,) but as sure as I uncork a bottle, it's all gone in a day or two! Now, there is that bottle there, quite empty now; but last evening almost full of the best sherry! Some you poor, dear father bought before he died, I think."

"Likely," said the graduate to himself, "he couldn't have bought it since, very well."

"If it were cake, Augustus," continued his progenitors, "we might think it was the rats."

"Lucky thought!" said her son to himself; for if the truth must be told, he was the real deponent. "Rats!" he exclaimed; "my dear mamma, that explains all! Your rat is *un cadet de haut appetit*, as our French professor used to say; when he cannot find anything else, he will take wine."

"But how could the rats get at it? Besides, Betty gave them some arsenic!" said his mother.

"*Magna est veritas et precebat!*" cried the Divinity student, rising on the excitement of a gratifying discovery. "Behold, my dear mother, what injustice you have done to your maid, and how slow we all ought to be to impute blame to our fellow-beings."

His mother gazed at him with astonishment.

"Mark, also, my dear madam," he continued, oracularly, (his spindle legs spread like a tripod, as he emphasized his words with his eye-glass, with one hand upon the fore-finger of the other,) "how providential it was that I applied myself so closely to studies at college, especially to the study of Natural History! Listen, now. *In diecristant, et ament meminisse perit*, as we say in Latin. Arsenic, you say, has been placed in the pantry, from time to time, for the rats. Very well, what was the natural consequence? *Greve virus munditas pepli*," the rat is disagreeably affected by his pernicious repast, and though accustomed to gnawing substances, cannot endure the intolerable thirst from which everybody suffers more or less, when he eats arsenic. There was no water in the pantry, I presume!"

"Not even milk," replied his mother, "not a drop, my dear son, all attention!"

"I thought so!" said he; "and nothing of a liquid nature, except wine. Here we find the key to the mystery. Betty's innocence is vindicated; the imbibers of the wine was a rat! *Fiat iustitia, ratem velim*, as the poet says."

"But—but—" said the good old lady, stamping, and a little incredulous, "how under the sun, moon, and stars, could—"

"How that you would say, my dear madam," exclaimed the crafty rogue, interrupting her. "You would say—using a very clever and comprehensive astronomical allusion—how under the sun, moon, and stars, (those heavenly bodies, which are over all the animal kingdom,) could a rat extract the cork from a bottle, and drink the contents?"

"That's what I should like to know, my son," replied the lady, resuming her seat, but still regarding his countenance with deep interest; meanwhile flattery herself that he would some day make a great man, an eminent divine, and quite likely the president of a college.

"You have drawn the cork," said he, "and left it handy to take out again with your fingers, without the aid of the screw! Very well. You will admit that the rat could easily remove the cork; but how get at the wine? Now mark the sequel, and admire the instinct of that wonderful little animal! In many respects, instinct is fully equal to intellect. The instinct of animals is wonderful, madam, truly wonderful! Your own early studies, and large subsequent reading and experience, have doubtless assured you of that fact. Professor Agassiz related many marvellous illustrations of instinct even in the orator; but rats, mother! ah! you ought to read Cuvier upon rats. And then that article recently on the same subject, in the *London Quarterly*! Why, they know as much as a man, and a good deal more than some old women! Strange as it may appear, they have been known to abstract the contents from bottles of syrup, cider, wine, etc."

"By upsetting them, then," protested the gentlewoman.

"Not at all," rejoined the young saxon; "on the contrary, they do not lose a drop. The plan is a simple one, as you will admit when you come to think of it. They push the wine to a convenient place—say directly under the edge of a shelf, or near a box that's somewhat higher than the bottle, and thus get up to it. One of the rats then inverts his tail into the bottle, up to the hub, (or terminus of the spinal column,) and



MORE NOVELTY.

The Misses Weasels think crinoline a preposterous and extravagant invention, and appear at Mrs. Roundabout's party in a simple and elegant attire.

—From the *London Punch*.

and draws it carefully out again. The other is on hand, you may rest assured, to receive, innumerously, the dripping end of this novel syphon into his mouth. When he has imbibed all that it carries, the caudal appendage is again inserted, and again withdrawn from the bottle, and the liquor which it bears with it, is disposed of in precisely the same manner as the first sample; and this process is repeated *ad infinitum*; each rat taking his turn, not exactly as cup-bearer, but as tail-bearer, for his partner in the business. This, my dear madam, is an established fact in *Natural History*," added this highly-educated young man, observing his mother's eyes wide open with astonishment; "but I do not wonder at your surprise. I should not believe it myself, but that it is well attested by such men as Agassiz and others, who make a science of everything, from a rat up to a universe."

"It is indeed wonderful!" cried the old lady, drawing a long breath. "And entirely exculpated poor Betty," rejoined the triumphant vindicator of virtue in humble life. "You ought to give her a new dress, mother."

"I shall, at any rate, send her for a carpenter to stop up those rat-holes," said his mamma. And here ends our anecdote.—*Knickerbocker*.

DUMFOUNDING A CANDIDATE.—A man of unblemished character was a candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him. At a large public meeting an elector got up and said,

"I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer me Yes or No, like an honest man?"

"Undoubtedly I will."

A most incisive promise, as the reader will guess.

"Well, then," said the elector, "I ask that gentleman, *Who killed his Washerwoman?*"

What was the poor man to say? What yes or no could answer the question. He hesitated, he stammered—the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room, and to this day he labors under the grave imputation, in many people's minds, of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate, and perhaps ill-used washerwoman.

ONE OF LAMB'S HITS.—A retired cheese-monger, who hated any allusion to the business, had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb, in course of discussion on the Poor Laws—

"You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these pithy words—

"Yes, I am aware of that—you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

Exit cheesemonger, complaining of a sudden touch of toothache.

Agricultural.

STANDING AND FLYING LEAPERS

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

In my last article I alluded to the bad judgment exhibited in driving horses at their fences at improper speed. I stated the usual results to be either the habit of baulking, refusing, or rushing at them with an impetuosity that does not allow the using their instinct in taking them in such way as to (baring peculiar circumstances) ensure their doing so with safety. I will now go much further, and endeavor to prove that it is physically impossible for the animal to accomplish the leap. We will admit that velocity enables man or horse to clear a longer leap than if he went gently to it; but this velocity, so far from giving additional power in leaping high, directly militates against it: neither man, horse, or any other animal can use the upspring necessary to a high leap when running at the top of their speed. Top speed, as it were, ties them to the ground, from which they cannot effectually rise while expending their powers in pace. As illustrative of this fact, most of my readers have seen the vaulters on the stage or in the ring at our amateur theatres: they have perhaps remarked that the right and safe way of taking his fence is to do high jumps, riding a horse injudiciously fast at them, renders it physically impossible for the animal to accomplish the leap. We will admit that velocity enables man or horse to clear a longer leap than if he went gently to it; but this velocity, so far from giving additional power in leaping high, directly militates against it: neither man, horse, or any other animal can use the upspring necessary to a high leap when running at the top of their speed. Top speed, as it were, ties them to the ground, from which they cannot effectually rise while expending their powers in pace. 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